

Eating healthy

Mary V. Seeman

I cook a meal of rage and rue,
A mix of existential stew.
It binds my stomach in a knot,
All my innards feel like rot.



I bake a cake of hope and mirth,
Sweetest taste there is on earth.
I can eat it all year round
And never ever gain a pound.

I prepare some envy greens,
Gussied up with bitter beans.
Eaten with nostalgic buns,
It produces awful runs.

I brew a tea of giggling glee,
Serve it up resentment-free.
I feel my neck and back unwind.
I feel quite warm toward mankind.

I toast a bread of guilt and tears,
Spread it thick with jam of fears.
After I have had one bite,
I am paralyzed with fright.

I broil a steak of "laugh it off,"
Tender as beef stroganoff,
Spice it with forgive, forget.
Amazing how relaxed I get.

I make an omelette out of shame,
Pepper it with bits of blame
Aimed at everyone in turn.
My stomach starts at once to churn.

I make a soup of gratitude,
Free of pose and attitude,
Free of who is right or wrong.
Two, three sips and I feel strong.



I eat what's left of last year's lust,
Wrapped in hardened crumbling crust.
I start shaking, as with chill.
These leftovers make me ill.

I make dessert of doomed defeat,
Then I put it on to heat.
The smell alone can make you sick;
I throw it in the garbage, quick.

I cook dinner for my dear.
Hors d'oeuvre of joy, entree of cheer.
We both feel healthier at the end.
That's the way to keep a friend.

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